

1507/545

THE
SUFFERINGS
OF THE
SON of GOD,
Manifest in the Flesh.

Written, Originally in *Portuguese*, by Father
Thomas Of Jesus, a Hermit of the Order of
St. Augustin, afterwards Translated into
French, and now into *English*.

By R. WELTON. D. D.

P R E F A C E.



*I*N a Period of the World, when the
CHRISTIAN FAITH has been under-
min'd, and Religion set a BLEED-
ING to the last Convulsions, in the
Actual Struggles of a Dissolution,
And its DIVINE Author Challeng'd, even to his VERY
BEING; When the OLD DRAGON is let loose to
BLAST the TRUTH; And his Legion of Evil-An-
gels, INCARNATE, and under the Appearance of
Angels of Light.



P R C E.

Christian be silent! And not LIST into the BATTLE for his SAVIOUR!

The Controversy is no longer, NOW, Of what Perswasion we are, in respect to our Lord Jesus Christ but whether we HAVE a CHRIST or NO! Sure, this APOSTACY, this LITERAL BLASPHEMY against the HOLY GHOST, will take down the Partition Wall; so far, at least, as to engage us ALL, in an universal Concurrence, against the very Powers of Hell; I mean, All sincere and thinking Men, of whatsoever Denomination, who will not Sacrifice the Glories of the Christian Profession, to the Prejudices of Education or A Piquant Malice.

To Encourage so Religious a Purpose, that I may not, even under the severest of my own Trials, be out of the Number of those who Plead the Cause of the Righteous God! I have put my little Strength, to recover Souls out of that Lethargy, that Decay of the Life of Religion which has almost Buried the very NOTION of JESUS CHRIST, the TRUE GOD, in Oblivion; and made way for the Sons of Perdition, whom God has given up to a Reprobate Sense, to Deny the Lord that Bought them, as a just Judgment upon their Other Unnatural Disobedience.

And, to kindle in our Hearts that Celestial Fire, that Flame of Love and Devotion to God, which seems almost extinguishd among Men, I have Rendered the Works of a Holy Confessor, written, by him, in a Dungeon, and under all the Hardships of a Slave, into the Language of my own Country; In which most divine System of Contemplation, whosoever will but give himself an Opportunity to Read it, will find so much of the Spirit of Religion; so much of the very Soul of Seraphick,

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and such forceable Allurements to attract the Soul to Him; that it will not be in the Power of Devils, or this NEW-SPRUNG GENERATION to Poison that Immortal Being into a Dis-belief of the MYSTERY of those inestimable Merits, by which we are PURCHASED, or to withdraw it from that sacred Object of Love, and Life, and Glory!

Of which I shall say no more here, to Recommend it, to my Fellow-Christians, as a Treasure, I have met with by the Providence of God, to my own great Support, and Comfort in Distresses, than that it must needs be of Infinite and Perpetual Use and Advantage, to every Person, Degree, and Circumstance of Men whatsoever.

But, because, under my Present Difficulties, tis not in my Power to Present the World with an Impression of so large an Expence, I am oblig'd to recommend, to the Religious, the following Proposals, viz.

PRO.



PROPOSALS

For Printing by Subscription a Treatise,
Intituled, *The Sufferings of the SON of
God, &c.*

1st. It is propos'd, that this Work be
printed in two Volumes, large 8^{vo}.

2^{dly}. That each Volume contain about 30
Sheets.

3^{dly}. That they be Printed on the same Paper
and in the same Character with the *Specimen*.

4^{thly}. That they be delivered to Subscribers
at 10 s. the two Volumes in Quires, 5 s. at
the time of Subscription, and 5 s. upon De-
livery. Whoever Subscribes for Six to have
a Seventh Gratis.

5^{thly}. That the first Volume be delivered to
the Subscribers by the End of *Trinity Term*
next, and the second Volume by *Michaelmas*
following.

Proposals are to be had, and Subscriptions taken
in, by Mr. Strahan, in Cornhill; Mr. Hooke, a-
gainst St. Dunstan's Church, Fleet-street;
Mr. Giles, against Grays-Inn, Holborn; Mr.
King, in Westminster-Hall Bookellers; and

A S P E C I M E N.

TH E first Thing Our Saviour did, upon his Coming into the World, was to **WEEP**, according to the common manner of Infants, at their Birth : And this affords Matter of great Admiration; To see The Son of the *Living God* thus Conceal his *Eternal Wisdom*; The *Word* INCOMPREHENSIBLE, who is the Energy of Existence, it self, and of all Production, to Conch in Silence, and to become, as it were, Unactive; The JOY OF THE HAPPY to *Shed Tears*; and the Supreme, Sovereign Omnipotence to be shrouded and wrapt up in Swadling Cloths, in the Arms of a Woman! As all these Appearances, of His Impotence and Weakness, were design'd on no other Account but to express his Exceeding Love to Men, They furnish the Devout Soul, with a most Copious and Ample Subject for its Contemplation; Enough to make us stand Amaz'd and Astonish'd, in Consideration of such Mysterious and Miraculous Condescension : For, the Reason why This Divine Infant should *Weep*, at his Nativity, like the Rest of the New-born, is far different from that of Custom in human Nature: The Royal Prophet had foretold of Him, that He should be * *Consumed by the Zeal of God's House*, and for His Father's Glory, even so far as to take upon Himself, the Load, and Expiation of the Sins of the World : And the Sense of This was so Puigent upon His Soul, even upon his first Entrance into the World, (to feel the Weight of All that Infinite and Numberless Generation of Sins, which the ETERNAL WISDOM, at that time, set, in a full View, before his Eyes) that he

*Ps. 69. 9.

Burst into Tears, That very Moment, seeing what a Painful Life He was to Travel thro', and with what a bitter Death He should conclude it.

But nothing went so near him, and Touch'd His Heart so Sensibly, as His Fore-knowledge, of the little Use and Advantage there would be made of his bitter Sufferings and Passion, for us Sinners, And how Ungrateful Mankind would prove: It so Pierc'd his righteous Soul, to have These Melancholy Images before him, that His Eyes were Become two Rivulets of Tears which Continually Glided on, and Flow'd with a Current even to the *Mercy Seat*, There to Quench and Appease the Wrath of God, justly Incens'd against us! For, Our Omniscient Redeemer, not only Beheld the Degenerate Condition of Mankind in General, But He had A full View also of the Particular Offence and Guilt of Every Single Soul; So that there is not a Living Man but Ought to Contemplate This Scene, and, In his Meditations Thereon, to Look upon These Drops of Heaven, These Tears of our Dear Redeemer, as A Balm of Mercy Shower'd Down for his sake; To Take them as a Treasure, in which He has a Share, and to joyn in Humble Acknowledgement that Himself, amongst the Rest of his Fellow Creatures, has been the Cause of them; And to Dispose and Qualify Himself so as to Become a fit Object for that Remission and Forgiveness, which his most Gracious Redeemer has, By These Merits, Purchas'd for him.

It Behoves us All to Search Deep into the Bottom of our Hearts, to Examine Our Inclinations, and Propensity to Good and Evil; that from thence we may Conclude whether we have Any Part in our Saviour's Tears: For a Christian ought

Ought to be Apprehensive of Nothing so much as the Proneness in our Flesh, which Prompts us to Give Up with Ease, to the Suggestions of Those Carnal Appetites, which are Unworthy a Soul Design'd, and Form'd for the *Enjoyment of God*, and a *State of Eternal Happiness*: For from Thence Arises that Indolence and false Peace, that Soothes the Soul In Its Transgressions, and Sinks the Thoughtless Sinner into a Lethargy, whilst He is Sacrificing the Purity and Innocence of his Conscience, as if he had committed no Offence against His God that might Require a Tear; or that he Had no Reason to Fear either *the Hour of Death* or *to be Call'd to Judgment*.

Would Men but Allow themselves a little Time to reflect upon the Exorbitant Emotions of their Hearts, and the Precious Time They have Sacrific'd to the World, to the Vanities and Follies thereof; They would soon find Great Reason, to be Afraid that Christ has Shed Those Precious Tears In vain upon Their Account, Unprofitably in Respect to their poor Souls! And least they should one Day find themselves, Registered among the Number of Those, who are Consign'd to *weeping* and **GNASHING OF TEETH** FOR EVER.

O How much more Wise and Happy is The Conduct of a Servant of God, who, Living sequestred from the World, and Despising all Vain and Inferior Enjoyments, as Unworthy of his Soul, Mingles his Tears with Those of his Blessed Redeemer! And Relishes Those *Spiritual Repasts* which produce, and wait, in this Life, those Blessings which shall follow in the next! How much more happy He, who, being Contrite for his Guilt, joyns himself, together with his Saviour, to weep and to Lament, with him; And,

thro' Him, to Obtain the Remission of his Sins !
 How much more Prudent He, who, Retiring inward, into himself, takes an Account of his Soul, of All his Life Past ! Who Reforms his Life, and is wholly taken up about the Salvation of his Soul ! Who Returns to God, in Sincerity and a true Faith ; who gives up his whole Self to Him ! who is Receiv'd into the Fellowship and Participation of his Love ! and who has a Taste of that Divine Peace, which God gives to Those, who, having Bewail'd their Sins, And *wept Bitterly with Christ*, Find, thro' his Mercy, a most Sweet and Refreshing Consolation.

A

Divine Contemplation

Upon The Tears which Our Blessed Saviour shed, at His Nativity, for Us.

FROM whence Proceed These Showers from thine Eyes, which flow in such a Stream, O divine Infant ! Thou ! Who art the *Comfort of Those that mourn* ! Why dost thou so Dissolve Thy Self and Pour forth those Floods of Liquid Sorrow, ever since thine Entrance into a Sinful World ; since the only End of thy Coming was to make Us happy, ! The Angels made Heaven Ring, Rending the Air with Ecchoe's and Exultations of Triumph ! They sung the *Glad Tidings of Great Joy*, to the Shepherds, upon thy Birth-day ! And they Proclaim'd A JUBILEE to Mankind, Because they had a Saviour born ! And that Gracious Redeemer

deemer is thy self! Thou art He! This Saviour! O Amiable Jesus! Thou art this Blessed Saviour and Redeemer! And yet, amidst All These Shouts and joyful Acclamations, Both in Heaven and Earth, Thou only weepest, And art Mourning by thy self! How shouldst Thou be for ever, Praised, O my God! How eternally Blessed and Ador'd! Who art Come among us with so Ardent a Desire to Purchase and Redeem us, that Thou would'st not Interrupt the mighty Work so much as for a Moment! Thou weepest with Impatience to die for us; thou would'st forget nothing that might Conduce to Our Recovery! And Because thou foreseest that many a contrite Soul, like the Penitent Magdalene, will wash thy Feet with their Tears, thro' the Sense and Abhorrence of their Guilt, Thou art resolved to be Beforehand with them, in setting Open the Rivulets of thine Eyes, Before thy Father, to Prepare the Divine Goodness to Forgiveness; to Render Him favourable of Accession to us, and to Consecrate and Sanctifie our Tears with Thine Own! And thus art Thou Come into the World, to Begin That Sacrifice for Souls, with thy Tears, which, in the Catastrophe of thy Life, thou wert to Compleat and Finish with thy Blood.

What shall I Give thee in Return, O Thou Eternal Object of my Soul's Delight, for all the Benefits Thou hast Done unto me! Like us, upon thine Entrance into the World, Thou Expressst thy Complaints by the Bubbles in thine Eyes; But the important Subject of thy Tears is vastly Different from the unhappy and wretched Occasion of Ours! We express those Tokens of Complaint, so soon as we are born, Because we are Thrust into our Place of Exile; Because we are Banish'd Hither, from our Paradice, to

a Place where we are Slaves to Drudge under the Packs and heavy Loads of Sin! And are sure to be Expos'd to All the Perils and Loss that the Grand Adversary of our Souls or the Bosom Enemy within us, our own Carnal Appetite and Vicious Propensity, can expose us to, And to All the Miseries of this painful Life! And altho' God has favour'd us so far, as that we are not capable of the impressions of Knowledge, in that our Infant State, so as to understand what it is that we so Naturally, as soon as we breath vital Air, lament in Tears, and insensibly Bewail; yet God and Nature has contriv'd it so, that we weep and cry, at that time, as if we Knew what we Did, or that the strongest Impressions of our Miseries were stamp't upon us! But as for thee, O thou eternal Wisdom! Thy Infant Cries come not by Instinct, as ours; Thou Express'st those Signs of Sorrow, because thou hast thy Tragedy before thine Eyes! Thou Beholdest the Occasion of *the Curse*; The World of universal Sin, that is laid upon thee; The Affront and Injury that has been Acted against thy Fathers Justice; The Perdition (of those Images of God) of Souls; Their Hidden, secret Wants and Poverty; The Clouds of Ignorance and Error with which They are over shadowed, and blind; The vain Amusements and Pleasures by which they are defiled; and the vicious Habits which Render them obnoxious, to Perish and be Undone for ever! Thou didst Lament, in Præscience, the Transgression of thy Laws; The stupid Insensibility and Forgetfulness, in Men, of those *inestimable eternal Treasures* Thou shouldst lay before them; Their Carelessness and Neglect of their own Salvation; The Empire, and Dominion of Sin and Satan; The *Wrath of*

God;

God; The Danger of Eternal Perdition and Damnation; The false, mistaken Peace, wherein Mankind would be Expos'd to so many dreadful Hazard's of being Undone; And the Utter Impossibility there is for us to escape these Dangers, or meet with any Security from this *Legion of Temptations*, with which we are thus surrounded, without thine All-sufficient Arm and Goodness to Defend and succour us.

But because we find in thee this only, Sovereign, and true Redress to all our Miseries and Want, therefore it was Thy will, that all the Earth should Rejoyce at thy Nativity; and that the Celestial World, finding the Vacancy of the fallen Spirits Replenish'd and made up by the Recovery and Redemption of Mankind, should bear its Part also in this sacred Gratulation and triumphant Solemnity. Thou thy self wouldst be The only One Given up to Weep that we might rejoyce in the meritorious Effects of Thy Tears! These flow'd with an impetuous Torrent from thy Heart which was all wrapt up in the flames of thy Charity, that was burning with the Desire and Eagerness to heal and infuse thy Graces into mine: Let them flow, O thou Fountain of Cælestial Comfort! *These precious Tears!* That it may be healed, and softened, and made clean! O how I adore Thee! Thou Lover of Souls! Thou immense Goodness! Thou God whose Mercy and Compassion is so Infinite and immensurate! I worship thee, Thou Lamb of God! who takest away the Sins of the World! I Adore thy Goodness, for thy Concern and Zeal in procuring so efficacious a Cure for my Soul.

As the holy Prophet has justly represented thee, How zealous art Thou and impatient for the

the Prize ! who couldst not Stay even till thou couldst speak, but with thy Tears, even in thy swadling Cloaths, didst provide and purchase Celestial Treasures, the Mercies of God, and a thousand Spiritual Graces for sinful Men ! O thou heavenly Bridegroom ! my Soul's Love ! O *Compassionate Father*, to a wretched Sinner ! With infinite Reason mayst thou say that the * *Children of the Bridegroom cannot weep so long as He is with them ; but they shall Lament when He is taken from them*, because they are deprived of his Sight : For, so long as He is present with them, He takes care to enquire into the Wants and Necessities of his Family, and to comfort them with his Graces, whilst his Children sport themselves and Bask under the Indulgences of the Parent : And just so it is, most dear Lord ! That from thy first Entrance into the World, it was thy Indulgence to Rejoyce and cheer our Souls, whilst thou wast weeping for us, and that we should throw all Our Care upon thee, whilst thou wast labouring and in Sorrow, by thy self, in order to procure our EVERLASTING Joy and Felicity.

But Alas ! Thou didst not only begin thy Days in Tears, Lord of my Life ! But thou art going on in the same Mournful Way ; and findest no Relief, no Ebb to this Torrent of thy Grief but by thy bitter Death upon the Cross ; Thou passest away thy Days and Nights in Prayer ; Thy Cheeks are sodden with Tears, and the very Ground whereon thou breathest thine Intercessions is madid and Bedew'd with the Drops that Distill from thine Eyes ; Thou feelest the smart of my Wounds as if they were thine own ! And thou seest for the Blessings of Heaven for me, as if Thou Thyself stoodst in need

need of 'em : When thou could'st not yet suffer any other way, were not those briny Rivulets which fill'd thine Eyes, and in which thou didst bewail the Guilt thou thy self hadst no concern in, as to thine own part, and the Groans and Sobs thou Fetchedst, and the Heavings of thy Breast in Throbs and Sighings for our Sins, whereby thou wert labouring to purchase Redemption, which thou thy self didst not want, were not these sufficient to convince me of thy Love, and to attract my Soul unto thee ? O Thou inexhaustible Source of Mercy ! O Unbounded Charity ! How is it that I do not melt into Tears, and Burn with Love for thee ! Is it possible that I should Leave thee by thy self to lament the Sins that I have committed ! And that I do not at least mingle my Tears with thine ! — O Ye sacred Pearls ! Ye Blazing Globes of Liquid Fire, why do ye not melt and dissolve my Heart ! That it may flow in Streams, and help to wash away my Sins, and that its lambent Flame may be fed by that of my Celestial Redeemer !

Put an End, O Lord ! to my Misery, and suffer me no longer to continue in this Blindness and Insensibility of Soul ! I have already Sacrific'd a great Part of my Life to the Cares of the World ! That which Remains is not too much to purchase a future State of Glory in ! Let me, at least begin now to enter into thy Service, most Gracious Lord ! for I am Broken with Contrition for my Sins ; And I humbly crave that I may without disguise bemoan them, and lay my Guilt before thy Mercy Seat ! — But it is from your Sins O ye

Wipe off then ! O ye sweet and chrystal Waters, wash all the Spots that stain my Soul ! Ye flaming, lympid Meteors, Kindle in my Soul the Love of God ! And an Abhorrence of my self ! Ye Distilling Fountains that Pierce into the Heart of God ! the Eternal Father, Penetrate mine also ! And as ye have brought down Blessings of all sorts from above, upon the whole Earth, so do ye Efficaciously lift up my Heart, even to desire those things that are above, where there are Rivers of Pleasure with God ! O When will that blessed Hour come when I shall perceive the Operation of these precious Tears within me ! when They shall have purchas'd for me, O dear Saviour, more than I know how to ask ! O Lord ! hear the Bubbling of this Stream ! for there is nothing in me to move Thee to listen to my Groans, Grant me therefore the Blessings which they interceed for !

O That my Tears might be my Meat and Drink Day and Night ! till I should arrive at the full Possession of Thee, O most Blessed God ! let me ever Lament the Loss of thee ! The great Misery and Danger of the Privation of thee ! Strengthen me O Lord with thy Presence ! that mine Enemies may be Scattered and Confounded ! I feel the Desire strong within me to make my humble Address to thee ; to pay my Adoration and Love to thee ; And to drie up those Tears thou hast shed for my sake ! but there is something in me, that still brings a Gushing from thine Eyes, which the Blindness and Darkness of my Soul will not give me to understand ! Do thou, O Lord, who doest so

from me all the Evil in me, which makes thee so to weep for me ; and vouchsafe me all those good things, those divine Graces, and Blessings which thou desirest I should possess. O That I did but understand how much better tis to go into the *House of Mourning*, than into the *House of Mirth and Feasting* ! Since The Tears and Sorrows of this Life are so instrumental to produce the inconceivable Joys of the other ! Thou art come into the World, O my God, in a poor and Low Condition ; And Thou hast given up thy precious Life, with a Groan in bitter Anguish ! And Thou art He who will wipe away all Tears from the Eyes of the Just made perfect, whilst those *Libertines*, who squander away their appointed Time, here, in Mirth and Jollity, shall be cast down, in a Moment, INTO HELL ! I had therefore rather, a thousand times, go with thee into thy Stable and there lament and bewail my Condition with thee, than with the NIMRODS and TYRANTS of the World, spend my Days in Court Luxury, and sensual Entertainments. There are no Enjoyments without Mixture ; something interwoven in them, of Bitterness and Sorrow ; And the only pure and unmix'd Pleasure a Soul can taste, is to mourn with thee ! The Righteous, who pass their Days with thee in Tears, who are breathing, incessant, after thee, find the fullness of Consolation in thee ! Grant me gracious Lord, that I may be one of that little Number. O blessed Moment ! in which, whilst the Eyes are Bath'd in Tears, the Soul is encircled in thy tenderest Embraces.

Take me then into thine Arms thou heaven.

Thee ! Turn me unto thee O Lord, that I may possess thee ! Comfort thou thy self with me, that I may find Comfort and Satisfaction in thee ! O give me to Taste of thy Sweets ! How great Blessings dost thou impart to those that mourn with thee ! How true is thy Word wherein thou hast assured us : *How blessed they are that mourn after this manner !* Take from me, then, my most dear Lord, all the vain and Glittering Poms of this World ! And O let it be thy Providence to Give me Tears and Mourning for my Portion here, that I may, in the end, meet with the glorious recompence of Reward, even the Comforts of Enjoying Thee to Endless Ages.



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